

PEOPLE
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CHAPTER

Subversive Singalong Among other charges, nobody ever accused the CIA's *aparatchiks* of having a sense of humor. But in revenge for CIA Director Stansfield Turner's sacking of 820 employees, some spooks are circulating photocopies of a ditty lampooning Admiral Turner to the "polish-up-the-handle-of-the-big-front-door" tune from *H.M.S. Pinafore*. It goes:

*Of intelligence I had so little grip
That they offered me the directorship,
With my brassbound head of oak so stout -
I don't have to know what it's all about.*

All together now, chorus!

*Keep your minds a perfect blank and remain
at sea*

And you all will be Directors of the Agency.